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MEMORIES

or

How Sara Winters Found
Fullness of Joy



ALIDA STANWOOD



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Memories

“Behold, I stand at the door,
And knock:
If any man hear *my voice*,
And open the door,
I will come in to him,
And will sup with him,
And he with me.”

—Revelation 3. 20.

MEMORIES

or

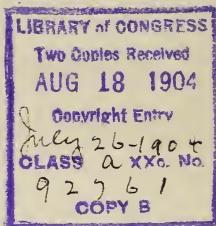
How Sara Winters Found Fullness of Joy

By

ALIDA STANWOOD



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Author's Preface

READER, this is no fancy sketch, but the true story of a life, which the writer has been constrained to tell in the deep conviction that it has a mission. It is sent forth with earnest prayer, and if it shall lead one idler in the vineyard to go to work, one heedless soul to hear and obey the Master's call, whether it be to preach, to teach, or *to do His will* cheerfully in the quiet round of monotonous obscurity, it will have fulfilled its purpose.

A. S.

June, 1904.

The Call

“Once only shall I have to pass this way—
And only I.

And none may do the work I leave undone,
And none may run the race I should have run;
In me the battle must be lost or won.

Then finish, Lord, the work Thou hast begun,
Thine be the praise.” —*Selected.*

MEMORIES

or

How Sara Winters Found the Fullness of Joy

I

THE CALL

“How much owest thou unto my Lord?”

—Luke 16. 5.

IN a distant city, one afternoon in the fall of 1883, a woman of twenty-nine was seated in a comfortably furnished room before an open fire (for the season was early and cool), apparently lost in thought.

She heeded not the gathering darkness, but as the shadows lengthened and closed about her the reverie

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seemed to deepen, and the firelight revealed a face full of anxious perplexity. While she is thus occupied let us leave her for a few minutes and glance backward.

Sara Livingston was an only child. Her parents, of good old American stock, would not be called wealthy in these days of vast fortunes, but had been "well to do," enjoying all the comforts of life and not a few luxuries, and delighting to gratify every wish of their almost idolized daughter. Thus she had grown to young womanhood, nominally a Christian (having united with the Church at the age of twelve), but self-

The Call

centered and utterly indifferent to the sufferings or needs of others.

Her first realization that life was not all a pleasure day came at the age of sixteen, when her devoted mother sickened and died. Sara was heartbroken, and for months refused to be comforted.

Just before her seventeenth birthday she met Edwin Winters, and in the fall of 1871 they were married. Twelve years of sunshine and shadow passed, during which time two little ones were laid beneath the sod, her beloved father "crossed over" without an hour's warning, and at the opening of this chapter we

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find Mrs. Winters, widowed and alone, at a point in life's journey where two roads meet, wrestling with a question that was destined to make or mar her whole future life. It was *God's call*—would she hear it and obey?

O these silent, mystic voices of the soul! How they come stealing in upon us with their messages of loving guidance from our Father above, and how often they are stilled or drowned by the din and clamor of this passing, perishing world!

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan says: "We are conscious that all around is perishing; yea, and we ourselves, as to bodily powers, pass away. We are

The Call

also conscious of a passionate desire for permanence. The possessive pronouns are at once a revelation of that desire and a confession of weakness. 'My house,' and it is *gone*! 'My child,' and it is *dead*! There is permanence only in the will of God, and there only can we fully use the possessive pronoun—'My Lord and my God.' "

Light on the Path

“Go work . . . in my vineyard.”

—Matthew 21. 28.

“O Jesus Christ, my Master,

I come to Thee to-day;

I ask Thee to direct me

In all I do and say.

I want to keep my promise

To be Thy servant true;

I come to Thee for orders.

Dear Lord, what shall I do?”

—*Selected.*

II

LIGHT ON THE PATH

A TAP at the door roused Mrs. Winters, and a maid entered, bearing the simple meal she had ordered served in her room. She ate mechanically, and retired early, but not to sleep, and "in the silent midnight watches" light dawned upon her path. She saw only one step before her, but resolved with characteristic determination to take that step as soon as day came. A letter which she wrote early the following morning

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to a prominent manager of one of the missionary societies in her own city tells the story:

September 21, 1883.

MRS. ARMSTRONG—MY DEAR MADAM: I hardly know where to begin, or how to clearly set before you the strange experience that leads to the writing of this letter.

Until a week ago (it seems an age) I had not an aim or ambition in life. My one desire was to reach the end of the journey as quickly as possible. "Selfish," you say. Yes, I grant it, and further confess that a large proportion of my life of ease has been directed to that end.

Suddenly an unaccountable restlessness took possession of me, and quiet or get away from it I could not. An utter dissatisfaction with self filled me, and finally grew so overpowering that it sent me to my knees in earnest prayer for light and deliverance.

I suffered intensely for days until I cried aloud, "*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*"

Light on the Path

When, like a Voice in my ear came the words, "Go work . . . in my vineyard!" Where, and at what, I know not. I only know that I must *obey*, and am eager to begin. I have heard your name so often in connection with blessed service that it came to my mind almost as soon as my decision was reached. Can you help me find my place?

I have never done anything but enjoy myself and later manage my own home, but I am well educated and can learn. Am ready to begin anywhere and to give my time indefinitely.

I ought to have told you before that I have been a professing Christian since I was twelve years of age. Am now twenty-nine.

Anxiously awaiting reply,

Yours in sincerity,

SARA LIVINGSTON WINTERS.

The next three days dragged heavily, and when the fourth brought no letter from the society Mrs. Winters

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began to be uneasy and to question if, perhaps, she had not made a mistake in writing.

Thus it is not infrequently with our poor, weak humanity. When shall we learn to "trust and wait patiently;" to praise Him when He delays or withholds as heartily as when He "answers before we call"? If we look to Him for guidance, and He points out the way, let us rest in the knowledge that "he which hath begun a good work will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

On the morning of the fifth day the letter came, and was opened with trembling haste. It ran thus:

Light on the Path

September 26, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. WINTERS: Yours received and read many times with ever-deepening interest.

I hardly know what to say. I cannot bid you come in the regular way, for our force is full, and yet since the Father has led you to write to me I dare not set the question aside; for the call of God in the heart must never be disregarded. Come and see me to-morrow at 10 A. M., and we will talk it over. Meanwhile let us ask Him to direct us.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. ARMSTRONG.

The appointment was kept, and after an interview lasting nearly two hours the women parted with a prayer that was full of thanksgiving, for each recognized in the other an answer to former petitions.

The head of the society had for

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years, she said, been asking God to send a wholly consecrated woman for special work at headquarters, and, although there had been no money appropriated for that purpose as yet, she felt sure that the worker had been *sent* in Mrs. Winters; hence the decision that she should begin at once.

The duties as outlined included the meeting of all applicants and callers at the office, keeping a record of all cases of need reported, learning to place them in the proper channels for relief, and never losing an opportunity to speak a word for the Master and point the troubled ones to Him. In addition, there were meet-

Light on the Path

ings at which she was to assist, until able to conduct services herself, in the various chapels and missions connected with the society.

Once again Mrs. Winters retired early, and passed a wakeful night, but how different from the other! Then all was sorrow, questioning, and uncertainty; now she could not sleep for the *joy* that filled her soul. A new world had opened to her. She felt that a new *life* was soon to begin, and, while she had a strong realization of her own ignorance and insufficiency, a strange peace enveloped her as again the Voice whispered, "My grace is sufficient for

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thee, for my strength is made perfect
in weakness."

"Thy will for my will,
Saviour divine.

I have committed all,

Mine now is *Thine*.

So mine shall have Thy care,

I in Thy peace shall share—

Thy will for my will,

Saviour divine." —S. J. Troth.

An Open Door

“There is an interesting legend of a strange instrument which hung on an old castle wall. No one knew its use. Its strings were broken and covered with dust. Those who saw it wondered what it was and how it had been used. Then, one day, a stranger came to the castle gate and entered the hall. His eye saw the dark object on the wall, and, taking it down, he reverently brushed the dust from its sides and tenderly reset its broken strings. Then chords long silent woke beneath his touch, and all hearts were strangely thrilled as he played. It was the master, long absent, who had returned to his own.

“Some one, commenting on this legendary incident, says: ‘In every human soul there hangs a marvelous harp, dust covered, with strings broken, while yet the Master’s hand has not found it. Open your hearts every morning to Christ. Let Him enter and repair the strings which sin has broken and sweep them with His skillful fingers, and you will go out to sing through all the day. Only when the song of God’s love is singing in our hearts are we ready for the day.’”—*Selected.*

III

AN OPEN DOOR

“His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.”

MONDAY morning came at last, and nine o'clock found Mrs. Winters at the missionary headquarters, in a large room just outside the superintendent's private office, where a crowd of sad faces had already begun to gather.

She watched the worker detailed for that purpose listen patiently to the tale of sorrow or need, speak a few encouraging words with promise of an early call, and after a warm hand

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clasp in parting, which ever and again seemed to pierce the gloom like a ray of sunshine, she would turn to the next in order.

The morning passed all too soon for this learner in God's school, and at its close the heart of Mrs. Winters was full of unshed tears. She was filled with a longing, new, but all-pervasive. "O to be able to cheer and comfort sorrowing hearts like that!" she murmured to herself. For the first time in her life she had caught a glimpse of the *joy* His service brings.

Weeks and months followed each other in rapid succession, bringing with them new scenes and duties ever

An Open Door

increasing, until at the close of her first year the ignorant assistant had become the trusted confidant of the head of the work, sharing her manifold burdens and impressing upon all with whom she came in contact that she was indeed their friend in the highest, truest sense of that word.

One morning in October, 1884, a call came from the city hospital and prison, asking if the society would not do something to help the many convalescents and captives, who were frequently detained for weeks at a time, with no one from the outside world to show the least interest in their welfare.

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A conference was held on the subject, and it was decided to start weekly Gospel meetings, to which both patients and prisoners would be welcomed. The charge of this branch of the society's work was assigned to Mrs. Winters.

As the opening time drew near she pleaded the more earnestly for grace, wisdom, and strength to know and do His will. She had consecrated all her powers to the Master's service, and went forward to this new call humbly relying upon Him to "supply all her need."

The meetings grew in numbers and interest, until there was an average at-

An Open Door

tendance of about seventy women, a large proportion of them being prisoners. They were found to be destitute of clothing and in dire need of temporal as well as spiritual aid.

Another conference resulted in the decision to organize an industrial hour during the long winter evenings, the society providing material for under-garments, which the women were allowed to keep after sewing on them for two successive weeks.

One evening during the opening service Mrs. Winters noticed a bright-faced English girl, apparently about twenty-two years of age, seated between two old offenders and seem-

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ingly indifferent to all that was going on. As soon as the sewing had begun the leader went to her with a pleasant "Good evening," which elicited no response. A second effort, with a simple question as to her health, was met with a gruff "No," and further conversation was not attempted that night.

The following week Mrs. Winters tried again, only to meet with a similar result, and she turned away with a heavy heart. She was burdened in soul for the young wanderer, whose dark eyes followed and haunted her, but what could she do?

Calling her helpers together, she

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directed their attention to the object of her anxiety, and said to them, "Pray with me for her, but do not speak to her. Let her entirely alone."

When one suggested that she might go out into the world again before the next meeting, and so be lost sight of, their leader, admitting the possibility, said, "Nevertheless I am strongly impressed that we must let her alone for the present," and they obeyed.

A week later, when the women were seated, the missionaries looked anxiously for the English girl, fearing that she had gone; but no, there she was in her old place, and they re-

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joiced that another opportunity had been mercifully granted her.

The opening exercises over, Mrs. Winters had not had time to lay down her Bible when the young woman suddenly left her place and, walking firmly to the leader's desk, said, "I am a drunkard, and thought there was no hope for me; but if you think I'm worth saving I want to be saved!" Never was "the old, old story" more prayerfully repeated than in the hospital that night to this wayward, wandering girl, who had at last responded to the Master's call.

A few days later her discharge was secured, and Mrs. Winters placed her

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in a home until suitable employment could be found for her. It did not come at once, and the faith of "Frances Brotherton" was sorely tested during the first month of her new life, but she was desperately in earnest, never wavering in allegiance to her Master, though full of anxious desire to be at work and earn her own living. After weeks of weary waiting the opportunity came and was joyfully embraced.

A year of faithful service passed, when Frances came to her benefactress one morning and said, "I must go home to England and tell my old mother and brother what great

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things the Lord has done for me." She went, and but for an occasional letter telling of perseverance and victory she dropped out of Mrs. Winters's life for another twelvemonth. Meanwhile new responsibilities and cares were added to the busy worker at the mission rooms, but with them came an ever-deepening "joy in His service" and fervent thanksgiving that He had called her into it.

One morning a young woman was ushered into her presence whose face, though strangely familiar, she failed for the moment to recognize. And what wonder! Surely no one would have believed that the well-dressed,

An Open Door

clear-eyed, handsome girl before her had ever been arrayed in prison garb and her face marred by dissipation. Yet it was none other than Frances Brotherton. "I have crossed the ocean," she told Mrs. Winters, "to talk face to face with you about a desire that has been growing upon me for months. *I want to join the Salvation Army!*"

Now, her friend was one of many Christian people who, twenty years ago, looked upon this body of the Lord's hosts as extreme and their methods open to strong criticism. (Thank God that such impressions have well-nigh died out!)

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“O,” she exclaimed, impulsively, “surely you do not want to join that strange crowd and march through the streets in such a conspicuous way! You can serve the Lord just as faithfully elsewhere.”

For the first time since her rescue a shade of opposition and a hint of the old defiance crossed Frances’s face, and then a sad but determined look settled upon it as she replied, “Mrs. Winters, *I served the devil in a very conspicuous way*, and am going to serve the Lord just as openly!”

Shame and confusion covered her friend’s face at this merited rebuke, and her eyes were filled with tears of

An Open Door

contrition as, grasping the hand of Frances, she said, with deep feeling, "Follow your conviction, my sister, and may our Father richly bless you!"

Changes

“And the truer life draws nigher

Every year.

And its morning star climbs higher

Every year—

Earth's hold on us grows slighter,

And the heavy burdens lighter,

And the dawn immortal brighter

Every year.”

-*Selected.*

IV

CHANGES

"Think of her still as the same, I say;
She is not dead—she is just away!"

LIKE a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the message one day in the spring of 1888 that the honored head of the missionary society had been suddenly called to her reward.

For sixteen years she had labored early and late, in season and out, for the spiritual and temporal uplift of suffering humanity. All connected with the work were staggered by the blow, and the hopelessness of fill-

Memories

ing her place seemed to possess every heart. After three months of repeated conference and earnest prayer Mrs. Winters was overwhelmed by the request that *she* "would assume charge of the work."

At first it seemed to her impossible, but as she started to give utterance to the feeling the Voice whispered, "This is one of the *all things* which you can do in my strength," and she dared not refuse, nor had she any longer a wish to do so. Realizing more fully, if possible, than ever before her entire dependence upon Him, she entered upon the exalted task set before her, "looking unto Jesus."

Changes

Now, this faculty for seeing the invisible, hearing the voice of God, feeling the powers of the Eternal, is the highest thing in our nature. It is the inspiration of all our highest thinking, of all our best living. It is the stuff from which imagination weaves her most splendid tapestries. It is that which gives impulse and direction to all that is best and truest and purest and holiest among men. It compels us to feel that this earthly environment, these things which we touch and handle, are in vital relation to Him who changes not.

Who of us has not known something of that experience? It may have

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come in various ways—often through disappointment. Perhaps our idols have been shattered, our treasures dissipated, our hearts lonely. We have watched the swaying of the curtain as some one near and dear has passed through into the eternities, and we come to realize that the things which concern us most are *not* those which we handle here, but rather the things “within the veil.”

That world beyond the world has for us new meaning and influence. Our citizenship is there. Our home is there. Our heart is there, with our treasure, for it is becoming year by year more populous with those who

Changes

have been bound to us by the strongest of ties here, but who have been parted from us to join the choir invisible; and toward that world to come the forces of our being are set with ever-increasing purpose and desire. Such had been the experience of Mrs. Winters, and with each passing year the invisible had become more real to her, the Voice clearer, the Presence nearer, until at times she could almost say with Paul, "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell."

Days and weeks flew by, and the head of the missionary society found both heart and hands full in her new sphere of labor. Body and brain were

Memories

weary indeed at the close of the day, but His peace and joy grew deeper and stronger within her soul as time sped on. Her diary for October 4, 1890, contains this entry:

My heart overflows with gratitude to God for His great goodness to me. The year just closed has been filled with manifestations of His presence and power. He has permitted me to be helpful to over five thousand struggling souls, many of whom were without an anchor. In numerous instances loss of faith and bitterness of spirit, resulting from their hard lot, is not easily overcome, but O, the blessed privilege of being workers together with Him! "Father, keep me faithful to these eternal interests," is my hourly prayer.

One evening shortly after the above was written Mrs. Winters returned from the city hospital more

Changes

depressed and nearer discouraged than she had ever been before in that hard corner of the "vineyard."

"It seems as if I had been talking and singing to the *air*," she remarked to a friend on her way home. "I never saw the women so unresponsive. Nothing I could say seemed to make the least impression upon them."

"You are wearing yourself out," her friend replied. "You will be old before your time. Why not drop this particular branch of the work, which really belongs to your assistant? You owe it to yourself to stay at home and rest."

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Mrs. Winters did not reply, but bade her friend "Good night" a moment or two later and entered her home. Until "nature's sweet restorer" came to her relief she lay thinking of what her friend had said and wondering if, after all, the advice was not worth heeding.

The truth is, this earnest, consecrated worker was sidetracked in the very same spot where many another has been. She was *looking for results* from her labors of the evening, and, finding none, yet forgetful of the promise, "My word shall not return void," she found herself in a most unhappy state of mind, from which

Changes

she dropped into a deep sleep without reaching any decision.

Two days passed, and on the afternoon of the third a telegram was handed her which read, "Come at once to ward five, city hospital; a dying woman begs to see you."

She lost no time in going to the hospital and ward indicated, but upon reaching the bedside of the patient, who, it was plain to see, had only a short time to live, she found instead of a familiar face one which she never remembered having seen before.

"I do not know you," she said, tenderly, to the sufferer. "Are you sure

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you wanted to see me? Perhaps it was one of my helpers you sought."

"O, no!" the woman responded, faintly. "You are Mrs. Winters, and I was one of the prisoners in your last week's meeting here. You said and sang, 'Whosoever will may come,' but you told us we must *choose* or will to be saved, and that it might be the last chance for some one there. It was *my* last chance, though I did not know it then, but I chose and came—and now I'm going to Jesus!—*I thought you'd like to know—*" The last words were feebly uttered; an upward look, a smile as though she saw the messenger, and she was gone!

Changes

Mrs. Winters stood as if rooted to the spot. Her lack of faith, her fears, doubts, and discouragement passed in rapid review before her, as she recalled with shame and humiliation her half-formed resolution to give up this spot of hard soil because she had seen no sign of fruit, and beside that lifeless clay she registered a vow that in all the subsequent years of her life was never broken. It was this: *"If the Father ever honors me with visible results of my labor for souls I will praise Him and rejoice, but never again while life lasts will I look for them or be disappointed if I see them not."*

Opportunities

“Something each day—a word,
We cannot know its power;
It grows in fruitfulness
As grows the gentle flower.
What comfort it may bring
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.

“Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bond
All human brotherhood.
O, thus the heavenly will
We all may do while here,
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.”

—George Cooper.

V

OPPORTUNITIES

"Our little light, then, let it shine;
What though 'tis but a feeble ray?
Perhaps 'twill guide some faltering steps
Into the perfect day."

THERE is a class of people who have no idea what to do with their time, and therefore laboriously occupy themselves in the effort to find pastime. That is one reason for the dissatisfaction, the unrest which is so characteristic of modern society; the rasp and fret which come with the consciousness that the things which claim you, which are largely fundamental and of minor import, have

Memories

taken possession of one's time, while the things that loom up large in the light of eternity are crowded into the background for *lack of time*. It is but very little space that is allotted to each one of us in which to do his lifework. Christ calls it "to-day." "The night cometh, in which no man can work." Yet it is possible for time and opportunity lost to be redeemed. Are you looking back upon days and months, perhaps years, that have been spent in selfish pleasure—looking back regretfully, with the feeling that you can never recover what you have lost? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God!"

Opportunities

When the things that pertain to eternity become your supreme interest, not only does the present moment become fruitful, but everything in your past, not alone its struggles and attainments, but its failures, follies, and sins, become subordinate to the great object which God has set before you, and you begin to rise on the stepping-stones of your dead self to higher things. Your sun may be marching toward the setting, the shadows perhaps are lengthening, and you may have a sense of the utter fruitlessness, the unworthiness of what you have done; but when you surrender your will to God's will, and

Memories

seek to discern His way of life for you, life will take on a new meaning, new value, new power, and everything that you have done or suffered in the past will contribute to make your life what it ought to be and heaven infinitely blessed!

“Can it be possible that *I* ever had time to spare or, what is worse, *time to kill?*” exclaimed Mrs. Winters to an associate one afternoon in early June, as she turned the pages of her “Monthly record of cases and items of special interest.” Let us peep over her shoulder, all unseen, and follow her reading:

“It has recently been our privilege

Opportunities

to supply a downtown church with an earnest Christian worker. The pastor writes us, 'She is clearly an answer to prayer, and comes when most needed.'

"One of our missionaries is assisting in the blessed work of a Faith Home, a short distance away, and feels sure that she was called of God to her present field of labor.

"A most interesting girl of seventeen was sent to us by a leading bishop of the Episcopal Church. She told us that her life was being made a torture by an aunt with whom she lived, who had threatened to turn her out into the street if she did not find work

Memories

immediately. We cared for the poor, frightened child during the day and told her to return in the morning. Meanwhile we secured the interest of a friend who has spent a large portion of her life in procuring work for her suffering sisters, and she succeeded in finding a good home for our protege the very next day.

“Many are sent to us each week whose home and people are far beyond the seas, and it is our joyful privilege to shield them from the pitfalls of a great city until our friend and colaborer can find an open door to self-support for them.

“A few months ago, while visiting

Opportunities

an Episcopal institution, we were introduced to a sweet-faced young sister known as Mary Clementine. In subsequent visits to one of our proteges there we came to know the sister quite intimately and found her a rarely beautiful character.

“Two weeks ago a familiar face, which we tried in vain to place, came into the mission room, and when she smiled at our perplexity we recognized none other than Sister Mary, in the world ‘Miss Raymond.’

“With tearful eyes she explained that her mother had strongly opposed her entering the sisterhood, and her absence from home had so worn upon

the mother's delicate constitution that serious illness resulted, from which it was feared she would not recover. A plea that her child come back, for a while at least, was more than Miss R. could bear, for she realized that it might prolong the dear life, and so after five years of isolation the 'Sister' laid aside her vestments and returned to the world she had renounced, feeling like a stranger in a strange land. She came to us for counsel. She must help in the burden-bearing, for her father had been a semi-invalid for years. After looking to our Father for guidance we invited Miss R. to assist us here, for the

Opportunities

present, in our visiting and general mission work, which she joyfully agreed to do.

“Privileges and opportunities multiply as the seasons come and go, and we daily bless the kind Providence that guided our steps to this corner of the vineyard.

“A young woman came in yesterday with a message from one of our members, and after delivering it she hesitated and said, ‘Do you remember me?’ Upon our replying in the negative she continued: ‘Four years ago I came here in despair. I was alone in the world except my baby, for whom I could not provide. I

Memories

stood at a point where two roads meet, and the temptation to end the struggle was strong within me. You cared for my little one, and turned my feet into the right path. I learned to love and trust my Saviour and soon after found a chance to earn my living. I have been faithful ever since, and the longing to tell others about Him has grown upon me, until I could wait no longer. He has raised up friends for my child, and I have obeyed His call. I am preparing for the foreign mission field, and expect to start in a few months. I praise His name for sending me here.'

"A beautiful face, in striking con-

Opportunities

trast to her bent and twisted body, is owned by Jessie, the young girl who washes dishes in a nearby lunch room. Her physical condition is due to the cruel treatment she received from a drunken father in her early childhood. She was sent to us some months ago, and our friend placed her where she is. She is very happy, and is an active missionary in her humble sphere.

“A few days ago a hungry-looking woman came up to her on the street and asked for a dime ‘to buy food.’ Jessie possessed just that amount *and no more*, but she cheerfully gave it and exacted a promise from the woman in

Memories

return that she would meet her at prayer meeting that evening. We tried to prepare her for disappointment, but her faith was strong, and, sure enough, the woman came. After meeting Jessie took the stranger to her own poor lodging, and the Christian woman with whom she stays improvised a bed for the wanderer.

“The next day Jessie brought her to us, and we found her to be a woman in whose struggles we had been deeply interested three years ago. Her mother’s illness and subsequent death were the cause of her present condition. She found light work two days later, and left us re-

Opportunities

joining in the Saviour, through the helping hand of a poor dishwasher.

“How the coming of the King would be hastened if all of His professed followers were as ready to *be used* of Him as was this poor girl!

“The English widow whom we placed in hospital three months ago, after spending eleven weeks there, was discharged at a time when every convalescents' home was found to be full. She had not a dollar or a place to lay her head, and was not yet able to sit up the entire day. So we took her into our own home until an open door could be found.

Memories

“Mrs. G., a delicate American widow, whose heavy mourning made her look conspicuously pathetic, came to us for advice. Her husband’s long illness and subsequent death, together with business complications, left the poor wife to face life’s battle alone. It was our privilege, after asking the great ‘Burden-bearer,’ to guide, to aid her in securing a house in a good location, which she has already filled with boarders. So she is looking up with fresh courage and hope.

“Two girls, one of them a cripple from a distant town, came to the city in the hope of getting work and helping their aged father. We discour-

Opportunities

aged the effort, realizing how more than useless it would be, but they determined to try every channel, and they did, returning to us after four weeks, looking pale and pinched, glad to avail themselves of our offer to send them back.

“It has been our privilege this month to send several missionaries to an Eastern city.

“Mrs. B., a hard-working widow, was enabled to secure a much-needed change and at the same time minister to her sick son in Denver, Colorado.

“Mrs. C., another widow, was sent to relatives in Montreal.

Memories

“Miss G., a working girl, was sent to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania.

“A tired toiler was sent to friends in Buffalo.

“Fourteen to hospitals and convalescent homes.

“We will not try to enumerate the privileges and opportunities of the past month, nor tell of the weary, the sin-sick, and dying to whom we have been permitted to minister ‘in His name.’ They number four hundred and sixty-two!”

“O the joy of being a laborer with Him!” whispered Mrs. Winters, communing with her own heart, as she closed the book.

A True Soldier

“Be strong and of a good courage;
Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed:
For the Lord thy God is with thee
Whithersoever thou goest.”—Joshua 1. 9.

VI

A TRUE SOLDIER

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

THREE years have passed since the conversation recorded between Mrs. Winters and Frances Brotherton in which the latter announced her intention of joining the Salvation Army. She acted upon her resolution the very next day, and began the warfare against sin, full of hope and courage. Into highways and byways she went, carrying the *War Cry* and a message of salvation through the

Memories

same haunts of drunkenness that she had formerly frequented, thus testifying by her changed life to the saving and keeping power of the grace of God. She was made lieutenant after two years of service, and began to assist in the opening of new stations for rescue work. During all of this time Mrs. Winters continued to be her most valued friend and counselor.

One morning early Frances appeared at the mission room, and her friend noticed the restless eagerness of her face and manner as she waited for an interview. Finally the opportunity came, and she began abruptly

A True Soldier

by saying, "I want to go to the hospital meeting with you next week! May I?"

Now, this was exactly what Mrs. Winters had often and earnestly desired, but feared to say so, lest the ordeal should be too great a strain upon Frances or that she would consent to go merely because her friend wished it. To have her thus volunteer was indeed a delight.

They arranged to meet at an appointed place the following Monday evening, and parted, promising each other to pray earnestly meanwhile that the Spirit's power might attend the effort and many souls be saved.

Memories

The evening came, and these two leaders, so strangely united in work for the Master, entered the room together. They found it crowded to the door, and with difficulty made their way to the front. Twice as they passed through the long lines of women some one whispered to her neighbor, "Why, that's Frances Brotherton! *She was one of us* when I was here before! Yes, strange as it may seem, there were among the ninety women present *two* who had been prisoners during Frances's term, three years before.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

A True Soldier

Mrs. Winters glanced anxiously at Frances, but was relieved by the latter's hand clasp as she said, in a low tone, "*I'm glad* some of them know me; it will give me the greater chance to show my colors."

After brief opening exercises the leader announced that Lieutenant Brotherton of the Salvation Army would speak, and again she cast an anxious glance at her companion; but there was no need for anxiety. Frances was on her feet in an instant, her face illumined, her whole manner indicating intense interest and strength of purpose.

She began with the story of her

Memories

life, her downfall and rescue, growing positively eloquent as she portrayed the Saviour's wonderful love and mercy in following her, even after she had rejected Him and put Him to an open shame. She spoke steadily for over a half hour, the women listening with bated breath (the stillness was the kind that is *felt* rather than described), and when she closed with the offer from Him of pardon and peace for all who would accept many of the hard faces before her were wet with contrite tears, and a large proportion of the women present resolved, in God's strength, to begin a new life.

A True Soldier

When, after prayer and counsel with a number who lingered after the meeting was dismissed, Mrs. Winters and Frances finally turned their steps homeward it was with hearts too full for words. To their dying day neither can ever forget that memorable night at the city hospital or know, until "the books are opened," all that it meant to those gathered there.

A few months later Lieutenant Brotherton was sent to Eastern and Southern cities to organize rescue corps in each, though not dreaming that years would elapse before she should see the face of her friend again.

Lost and Found

“He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win;
And so He bids me go and speak
A loving word for Him:
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
And how He came to die;
And so we work together,
My Lord and I.”

“For we are laborers together with God.”
—1 Corinthians 3. 9.

VII

LOST AND FOUND

“O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free.”

ON a stormy night about fifteen years ago a woman was found seated upon the doorstep of an empty dwelling, with a child of four clinging to her wet garments and crying piteously. The woman was under the influence of liquor, and an officer of the law consigned her to a cell for the night, leaving the little girl in care of the police matron until the following morning, when she was placed in one of the city institutions.

Memories

Five years passed, and one day, just as Mrs. Winters was preparing to leave her office to attend to some outside duties, a wan and weary-looking woman entered and begged to see the superintendent, to whom she had been directed for advice.

Feebly she sobbed out the above story, with the addition (for it was her own) that she *never* used liquor, but was persuaded by the friend whose home she had visited that stormy night to "take a little before braving the storm." The "little" proved too much, and she was completely overcome by it, realizing nothing after she dropped on the doorstep until the

Lost and Found

next morning when she awakened in a prison cell.

Frantic over the loss of her child, the matron, a kind-hearted woman, had tried to comfort her with the assurance that the little one was safe, and gave her the address of the institution to which it had been sent; but before her ten days' sentence had expired the night's exposure had done its work, and the poor woman was transferred to a hospital, dangerously ill.

For a time she hovered between life and death, but was finally pronounced "out of danger." Convalescence was slow, however, and two months

Memories

elapsed before she was able to seek her child. Then it proved too late, for she was told that "the little girl had been adopted into a wealthy family, and would never want for anything again;" but all further information was positively refused. She staggered a few steps from the door and then sank to the ground unconscious, and was carried to a nearby hospital, where, for a second time, she wrestled with the "king of terrors," but was again brought back to life, and a month later was directed to Mrs. Winters. The latter put forth every effort in her power to trace the child, but in vain, and the heart-

Lost and Found

broken mother finally gave up the search in despair. She told Mrs. Winters that she had neglected duty and wandered from God, and she feared He had forsaken her.

Very gently did her new friend lead her back into the light of God's love as she poured out her heart before Him in behalf of His penitent child, and was rejoiced when the latter, joining in the petition, promised, in His strength, to walk with Him all the rest of her days. She returned to her humble home that day, filled with His peace, and took up the burden of life in quiet submission. Old friends supplied her with sewing

Memories

sufficient to meet her small needs, and she kept in close touch with Mrs. Winters, to whom she felt she owed the "life that is more than meat."

Nine times had the snows of winter been followed by spring flowers, since the events recorded above, when, in looking over her mail one morning, the superintendent selected for her first reading a letter bearing a foreign postmark and addressed in a fine, scholarly hand to "The Superintendent of Missionary Society." It began:

DEAR SIR OR MADAM:

I have been directed to your society, and write in the hope that you may *help me find my mother*, of whose existence I have but just learned. Ever since I can remember I

Lost and Found

have believed the dear people with whom I live to be my parents, but on this, my eighteenth birthday, they have revealed to me the story of my life, feeling it to be their duty, yet urging upon me the strong probability that my mother is dead and assuring me again, as they have done many times in the past, that their wealth is mine. They have spared nothing in my education and training during all these years, and it grieves me to even appear ungrateful, but I *must find my mother* if she lives! Can you, will you, help me?

Details and descriptions followed, and Mrs. Winters realized before she had finished reading that *the long-lost child was found!*

How she praised God for permitting her to be the medium of such a reunion! Not an hour was lost in mail-

Memories

ing a letter to both, and two weeks later she saw them clasped in each other's arms.

What a privilege to be taken into companionship with the King Eternal and to have a part in that great task which He is carrying on through the ages! If we are working *with* God He cannot be to us a God afar off. O the blessedness of the *nearness* which such service brings!

We see on every side men and women busy in gathering to themselves the wealth of this poor world, men and women pining for social honors which are like the breath of leaves that will soon crumble to dust. How

Lost and Found

utterly insignificant all this would appear to them if the coming of the King were announced! From what a multitude of startled souls would arise the cry, "Come not, O Master of men, call us not to a final account, until we have had time to do some service that will count for God, for humanity, for the eternal ages"!

Fruit-Bearing

“We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth;
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?”

—Nixon Waterman.

VIII

FRUIT-BEARING

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

—Ecclesiastes 11. 6.

THE summer of 1898 can never be forgotten. Next to direct contact with the horrors of war were the long days spent in the blistering heat of a great city, in the effort to keep hope alive and impart fresh courage to weary hearts, whose loved ones had gone to the conflict. Mrs. Winters planned vacations for her helpers, but determined not to leave her post before the autumn.

Memories

Day after day they crowded the mission room, those sad-eyed women, and eagerly they listened to the words of cheer that always awaited them there. In many instances it was all that could be done for them, and the superintendent was hourly thankful for the privilege of pointing these anxious ones to the Source of all strength and comfort. Never before had she so fully realized how far the touch of human sympathy could reach. There were wives and mothers facing starvation because they persistently refused to leave the city even temporarily for the work that awaited them, lest they lose an

Fruit-Bearing

hour's time in hearing from or of their loved ones. Some had already waited weeks in vain, and they were desperate.

There were children adrift, suddenly made orphans, and not knowing where to go for shelter or food. There were Cuban refugees seeking a chance to earn their way in this land of the free. Among the latter was a family of five (mother and four daughters). When asked if she trusted God the poor mother replied, "If I did not I would not try to live another hour. I've prayed all night for guidance, and He has sent me here."

Memories

Grateful indeed was Mrs. G., a beautiful little woman of thirty, whose loyal young husband had fallen in the first battle and been buried on the field. She struggled hard, but the heartbreak and effort to provide for herself and child proved too much for her frail body, and she came to the mission a physical wreck. She was sent to hospital, and then to convalescent home, after which, with her little daughter, who had meanwhile been placed in care of a poor neighbor, she spent four weeks in the country, returning with new hope and courage, for in the quiet hours she had learned to cast her

Fruit-Bearing

burden on the Lord and go forward in His strength.

Similar in suffering and brave determination was Mrs. M. But a few weeks before she had watched for the postman from the window of her own little home, eagerly anticipating the letter from her "other self," as she called him. One short hour after she was sitting, dazed and crushed, trying in vain to realize that her lover-husband would never again write or return to her. Stern necessity compelled her to break up the home so dear to her heart, and she came to the mission for advice concerning a resident position that

Memories

had been offered to her by a sympathizing friend. It meant separation from her twin boys of three, and her heart bled afresh at the thought. She poured her sorrows into the sympathetic ear of Mrs. Winters and went out strong to do and to endure. The next day she promised her friend to give a mother's care to a little orphan girl, while in a public institution her own wee lambs were daily watching for the dear face that was only permitted to see them once in four long weeks. O the power of sustaining grace!

Many during that memorable summer grew heartsick from hope de-

Fruit-Bearing

ferred, and in their dark adversity, with earthly props removed, learned for the first time to lean upon the promises that are "yea and amen to those who believe."

The true possession of the Christ life brings an earnest desire to know and to do His will. If, then, we have occasion to lament the barrenness of our lives let us not imitate those who say, "I am *striving* to be faithful." "Consider the lilies, how they grow." Consider the vine branches, how they yield their clusters. Effort does not clothe the grass of the field. It is not by struggle that grapes are ripened for the vintage. The patter

Memories

of *the life within the vine*, surging out to the uttermost tendril, brings the fruitage.

So if our lives are in *living union* with the Lord Jesus Christ we shall bear fruit; not by struggle and effort, but by the force of Christ's love working within us mightily.

It is the glory of our humanity that for each of us God has a plan of life. It is the glory of every disciple that the Master assigns to every man his work. There is a place for each of us to fill, a part for each one to perform, in His great purpose.

Are we "in tune with the Infinite"? If we are, then the multitude of those

Fruit-Bearing

around us who are living in darkness, without the knowledge of Christ, will be coming into our light, and desiring to possess that peace which He has planted within our hearts. May He help us each day to know His will, to walk in His way, to bear fruit, and grow more like Him!

“For fruitfulness and blessing
There is no ‘royal road;’
The power for holy service
Is *intercourse with God!*”

Fullness of Joy

“Love thyself last. Look near; behold thy
duty
To those who walk beside thee down life’s
road;
Make glad their days by little acts of beauty,
And help them bear the burden of earth’s
load.

“Love thyself last. Look far and find the
stranger
Who staggers ’neath her sin or her despair;
Go lend a hand and lead her out of danger,
To heights where she may see the world is
fair.

“Love thyself last; and O, such joy shall thrill
thee
As never yet to selfish soul was given;
Whate’er thy lot a perfect peace shall fill
thee,
And earth shall seem the anteroom of
heaven.”

—*Selected.*

IX

FULLNESS OF JOY

“That my joy might remain in you,
And that your joy might be full.”

—John 15. 11.

ONE of the rules of the missionary society was to place new workers in the office for a month before assigning them to a “field.” It was at the close of an exceptionally trying day that one of these (Miss C.) and Mrs. Winters had seated themselves for a quiet talk before starting homeward.

The former broke the silence with the question, “Are you never tired? I’ve been watching you all day, and

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you have met everyone with the same cheerful smile. You seemed in no hurry, though at one time there were more than twenty waiting to see you. Shall I ever be able to make each one feel that I am her personal friend as you do? It seems impossible; tell me the secret."

"It is *the joy*," murmured Mrs. Winters to herself, and then she said aloud, "It is not, as some contend, a matter of temperament, but rather a work of grace, and for you, my dear sister, just as much as for me. It does not come all at once. It is a growth; and O, how small and ignorant one feels in contemplating the

Fullness of Joy

“Perfect Man”! How I daily long to be more like Him! Keep your eye fixed *upon the pattern*. ‘Then shall we know *if* we follow on to know the Lord.’ *Take time to sit at His feet*. Walk softly that you may hear His voice, and in the joy of doing His will you will learn what it means to renew your strength, to ‘run and not be weary; to walk and not faint.’

“Many in these days,” continued Mrs. Winters, “are inclined to think of this divine Voice as something remote, unreal; something peculiar at least to Bible times, believing that the former ways of God’s revealing His will have now ceased. Why should

Memories

they cease? If a door has ever been opened between the realm of God's Spirit and the realm of man's spirit *why* should it not *stay* open? God has ever spoken in such tones that man can hear and understand; why should He not continue thus to speak? Does God take less interest in His children of to-day than in those of former times?

“Some have been inclined to assume that we are grown-up children, and therefore do not need a Voice to say, ‘This is the way; walk ye in it.’ I would like to ask all such a question: *Can it be easier* for you to find the way of life through the benighted

Fullness of Joy

streets of this great city than it was for Abraham to find it on the hills beside Hebron or for Simon Peter on the shore of Gennesaret? No; there never was a time when the children of men needed more the guidance of the divine Voice than amid the mazes and mysteries of this complex modern life.

“Long years ago I heard His Voice calling me, and I took the first step in obedience, as you have done. The way has not been all smooth—there have been rough roads and hard hills—but He has been with me all the way. Each returning season has brought increasing cares and heavier

Memories

burdens, but I have learned to praise Him for both, because they opened doors to new opportunities for cheering the disconsolate and helping struggling ones to a firmer trust in our heavenly Father, *in whose service I have found fullness of joy.*"

"Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in
spirit

To see, to hear, to know and understand;
The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear
it,

*And all God's joys shall be at thy com-
mand.*

"Love thyself last. The world shall be made
better

By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed,
Go follow it in spirit and in letter;

This is the Christ religion which men need."

After Twenty Years

"Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
It matters little if dark or fair.

"Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good, and true;
Busy each hour the long day through.

"Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's
snow.

"Beautiful shoulders are they that bear
Ceaseless burdens of hourly care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

"Beautiful lives are they that bless
Those who are poor or in distress,
Ever imparting happiness.

"Beautiful they, whether rich or poor,
Who walk heaven's pathway sweet and
pure,
Leading to mansions blest and sure.

"Beautiful welcome beyond the sky
Where the love-light beams in our Sav-
iour's eye
And the joys of heaven can never die."

—*Selected.*

X

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

"I know not where the shoals may lie,
Nor where the whirlpools be;
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
That they are known to thee.

"And thus content I glide along,
If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He who guides will bring
Me safe to port at last."—*Selected*.

"TIME, like an ever-flowing stream,
bears us away," *and whither?* Are
we drifting with the tide, or have we
"an anchor that keeps the soul steady
fast and sure while the billows roll"?
If we are safe, then what are we doing
to save our fellow-travelers from ship-
wreck?

Memories

Let no one say, "I haven't any chance, in my hidden life, to work for Him." The fine work of His kingdom, the work that lives and lasts, is more frequently done in quiet places, in the silence of loving, trustful, penitent hearts. "The vessel unto honor" is often hid behind the pleasant garb of a Mary of Bethany—and O, the Marthas! Chastened, sanctified, where in this sad world of ours can we not trace their consecrated footsteps? Who can count the pillows they have smoothed, the tears they have dried, the hearts they have comforted? They are all in God's book. He knows them.

After Twenty Years

Rev. W. L. Watkinson, in his "Education of the Heart," beautifully expresses this point. He says: "Great things are not necessary for the attainment of great character. This is strikingly manifest in the *pattern life*, the life of our Lord.

"For thirty years that life was entirely uneventful, unhistorical, yet He grew into the fullness of that supreme character which commands the admiration and reverence of mankind. Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not; the humblest posts are sufficient to discipline into absolute fidelity the unrecorded toils and satisfactions of the common lot, per-

Memories

fect true souls in all the graces of the Christian life.

“Life is not a question of having much, being much, or doing much; but of the sincere love and service of God *in any situation whatever*.

“Seek not great *things*; seek great principles and graces. Seek not great things for *thyself*; seek to serve and bless; and although men may call thee poor, Christ will whisper, ‘But thou art rich.’”

No better illustration of obedience to this injunction could be found than the life of Frances Brotherton since her conversion in the city hospital, long years ago. Her aim has

After Twenty Years

truly been "to serve and bless," and blessings rich and rare have crowned her labors. She has "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Deprived of this world's goods, in truth it can be said of her, "having nothing, yet possessing all things," hers are indeed the true riches.

In her last letter, dated August, 1903, written on the Pacific Coast, she says:

DEAR FRIEND: I have been waiting till I was settled before writing you, *dear* Mrs. Winters, but I'll not wait longer, for I see no prospect of my being settled for any length of time.

I was called here some months ago, and have been on the move, in the interest of the work, ever since my arrival. Orders to go to

Memories

San Francisco have just reached me. It will be cooler there. How good the Lord is to let me go, after suffering the intense heat here!

I am so glad that Jesus is with me in the many strange places I visit. I was thinking the other day how lonely I should be without Him. O, I want to lead many more into His blessed companionship before He calls me home!

God bless you!

Hoping you are all well, and that I may hear from you soon again, I remain

Yours in the Holy War,

FRANCES BROTHERTON,
Ensign Salvation Army.

Into palace and hovel, hospital and prison cell Mrs. Winters still carries the good news of salvation for all who will accept it. Her hours at the mission rooms are as crowded as ever,

After Twenty Years

and the responsibility of living, the power of unconscious influence, with the privileges and opportunities that each day brings, are to her ever-present realities.

Looking backward over twenty years of service, she was startled to find by the annual records that she has come into *personal touch* with more than *ninety thousand souls!*

“What hath God wrought!”

Weeks, months, and years are speeding by. “The night cometh!” Ere long she will again hear the Master’s voice, as He calls from over

Memories

the wave, to summon her home, and when the dawn of that eternal morning breaks upon the shore Sara Winters will behold the King in His beauty and will enter into the joy of her Lord, to serve Him forever more in that land where pain and partings are unknown.

THE END.

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